The Strange Case of Prince Louis of Battenberg, page 1802.

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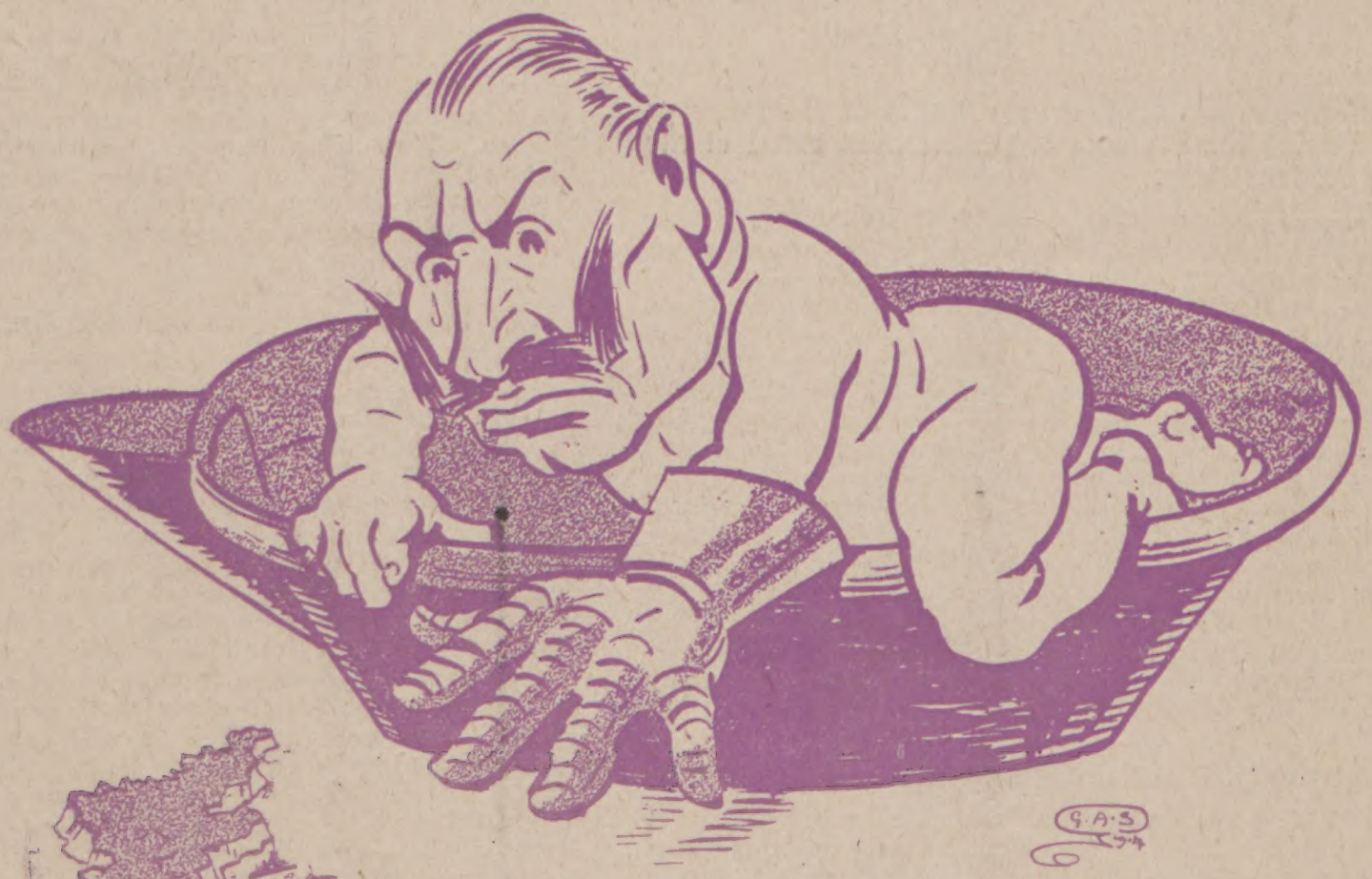

HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL HE GETS IT.

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Pears.)

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

The Strange Case of Prince Louis of Battenberg: Facing the Problem of the German Head of the British Navy.

The head of the British Navy in 1914 is his Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg. For over a quarter of a century he has done good service afloat, and before the month of August, 1914, no word had ever been uttered as to the sincerity of his devotion to the country of which he is a naturalised citizen, or of the keenness of his efforts to make the British Navy impregnable against all comers. But the great war of this year has changed the position of Prince Louis, as it has changed the position of every other German-born individual in these islands. To come to the point, Prince Louis of Battenberg a month ago became the subject of a rumour which went round the country with as marvellous a rapidity as that equally silly lie about the "cutting-up" of the Black Watch. The rumour was to the effect that Prince Louis of Battenberg was a prisoner in the Tower. I myself heard the rumour a dozen times in as many places within twenty-four hours.

* * *

What the "Globe" doesn't Know.

To every person who asked me whether it was true I replied that I had just met Prince Louis walking across St. James's Park from the Admiralty, and that the story was a flagrant invention, and a grossly wicked one. But I little dreamed then that the lie, appalling as it was, represented more than a merely erroneous bit of gossip. It had not struck me that Prince Louis was a German by birth, and had almost become an object of universal suspicion. But I very soon learned it, and now that the whole miserable story has been capped by the *Globe's* demand for his Serene Highness's withdrawal from the Admiralty—for that is what the *Globe's* leader amounts to—I have a few facts to adumbrate of which the *Globe* probably knows nothing.

* * *

The Truth about the Battenbergers.

Who is Prince Louis of Battenberg? Who are the whole crowd of Battenbergers? It is very important the country should get the hang of them before rushing into cowardly accusations founded on prejudice. The Battenbergs are the luckiest semi-Royal family in the world. But it is to England, to Queen Victoria and to King Edward, that they owe everything. If there is one man breathing who has cause to be loyal to the last drop of his blood to King George it is Prince Louis of Battenberg. And any fatuous individual who suggests that Prince Louis is other than a loyal officer servant of the King should first remember, before utters the foul lie, that it was for this country Prince Louis' brother, the handsome and amia Prince Henry of Battenberg, laid down his noble yo life.

* * *

Chivalrous, Good-Looking and Romantic.

For his sake his widow, Queen Victoria's favou daughter, has refused all offers of marriage for twenty years past (and everybody knows that L Rosebery, for one, would have made her an exempl and distinguished husband if she would have let h and though they be of German origin the Battenberg in becoming British citizens, renounced all connec with the German family from which they spring, have had absolutely nothing to do with any Ger ruling family for a generation. I know a lot about Battenberg family of which the public has never he a whisper. And they are as chivalrous as they loyal, good-looking, and romantic. But, to answer own question, Who are the Battenbergers?

* * *

Romance of a Morganatic Marriage.

On the 15th of July, 1823, there was born to the Gr Ducal House of Hesse-Darmstadt a son, Prince Al ander. On reaching manhood he fell in love wit lady-in-waiting at the Hessian Court, and married h She was known as the Countess von Hauke, and marriage was, of course, a purely morganatic one, children having no right to the Grand Ducal throne Hesse. They were, however, granted princely rank Hesse-Darmstadt, but to this day they are only coun amongst the German nobility, and are incapable of m ing Royal marriages amongst the other German reign houses.

* * *

How the Battenbergers Came to England.

Half-a-century later the then Grand Duke of H married Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Al of gracious memory, and twenty-odd years after when Princess Alice's eldest daughter sought a husba she selected no other than the head of the Admira in England to-day, Prince Louis of Battenberg, wh mother, of course, had been that lady-in-waiting (Co tess von Hauke) who had been given the title of Coun of Battenberg. When Queen Victoria met her gra daughter's new husband and his brothers, she fell love with the whole Battenberg family, who struck h as being vastly superior to most of the Germans she met, and so pleased was she with them that when Pri Louis' younger brother, Prince Henry of Battenb proceeded to make eyes at her Majesty's youngest daug ter, Princess Beatrice, the Queen accorded her cor approval to the match, and forthwith Prince Hen came to London and was married to Princess Beatr And an excellent husband he proved.

* * *

When Louis of Battenberg Preferred the Union Jack to a European Throne.

All their four children (one of whom is Queen of Sp to-day) were born either at Balmoral or Windsor, w the lucky Prince Louis soon came to England, ente the Royal Navy, and has got on by sheer force of me From that time the Battenbergers have been English the bone, and an illustration in point will clear air as to the position of Prince Louis. His Serene Hig ness (who, unlike his late brother, has not yet been m a Royal Highness of Great Britain and Ireland) two other brothers. One of them was that Prince Al ander of Battenberg whom the Bulgarians elected their Sovereign Prince under the title of Alexander First of Bulgaria in 1879.

* * *

Prince Louis' "Crowded Hour" in Sofia.

Prince Alexander had some very rough times dur his short reign amongst the Bulgars, and in his g tremity he sought the companionship of his eld brother, our Admiral Prince Louis. The Bulgarian

WAR RELIEF FUND
"Anybody like to 'tamper' with my box?"
"BZZ-ZZ-Z ...BZ-Z-Z etc"
"Help! — Somebody's put a bluebottle in my box!!"
The Smile persuasive.
"Half a sov' — or...!!
"Full".
(Absolutely!)

A voluntary dogs' collecting corps is being organised to aid in swelling the War Relief Fund.

broke into the Royal Palace, and holding a pistol at Prince Alexander's head, demanded his instant abdication. Then it was that the valiant Prince Louis not only saved his brother's life, but so favourably impressed the insurgents that a few months later, when Alexander's day in Bulgaria was over, they offered Prince Louis the Bulgarian throne. Prince Louis had to decide whether he would be a European Monarch or a simple British Admiral. He preferred the Union Jack. Who will now say that Prince Louis deserves the odium which seems to have descended to him on account of the simple fact of his having been born in Gratz?

* * *

King and Gaekwar Bury the Hatchet at the Palace.

We have often had occasion to point out that in Britain no feuds or personal animosities amongst our Royalties are ever allowed to interfere with the happy workings of this vast Empire. Another instance may now be recorded. King George has received the Gaekwar of Baroda at Buckingham Palace; they have buried their old-time quarrel, and King and Gaekwar are united again, not merely as Sovereign and subject, but as friends. I always have said that all the stories about the Gaekwar's "misbehaviour" at the Dehli Durbar were lies. I say it again. The Gaekwar, as the first Hindu Prince in India, had to be the first to ascend the scores of steps of the Royal dais at Delhi, whereon sat King George and Queen Mary, backed by the whole Royal *entourage*.

* * *

What *Really* Happened at the Durbar.

The Gaekwar did not know how many of these steps he had to ascend, and, unfortunately, not having any precedent, he turned round to descend on the wrong step. I learn that King George himself now realises that a too-prematnre view of the Gaekwar's mistake was taken, chiefly by British officials who had always had a prejudice against the Gaekwar, because, owing to his tremendous position in Hindustan, he did not quiver and squirm whenever he was addressed by one of India's tin gods. However, the Gaekwar's day has come at last, and he stands now vindicated before the whole of his countrymen. And that means a lot on the other side of the kala-pani.

* * *

Sutherland's Romantic Duchess.

The Duchesses, as usual, are making romantic history in the field, and Millicent Duchess of Sutherland has supplied the titbit of the past week by her union with Major Fitzgerald, from whom she immediately hopped off to the front again. Strange woman, "Millicent Sutherland." The fact was, until now she has never known what a real, wild passion was like, for while she was still in the schoolroom, with her hair down her back, they brought her under the notice of the late Duke of Sutherland, who was supposed to be sweet on one of her elder sisters, and, as the Duke had got to 33 years old, and his family were very anxious he shouldn't wait any longer, he popped the question to the noble flapper. She accepted (doubtless under persuasion), and the couple were wed. The Duke was as loyal as steel to his girl-wife, but you couldn't expect an absorbing love in a child for a bearded politician who hadn't any of the ordinary Sutherland characteristics, whilst she had all the Erskine traits fully developed.

* * *

Another Romantic Duchess at Dunrobin.

The pair got along remarkably well together, however, in spite of the troubles with the other Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke's father's second wife, who had so shocked the Court of Queen Victoria that her Majesty absolutely refused to acknowledge the old Duke, although his first wife was her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes. The new Duchess of Sutherland (so well known for many years as "Mary Duchess") had been the wife of the Duke's factor at Dunrobin, and together she and his Grace had gallivanted about the world for years before the death of the Duchess of Sutherland made it possible

for his Grace to marry her. But the Duke then lost no time. After the Duke's death, "Mary Duchess" found herself left remarkably well off, and she then married Sir Albert Rollit, but refused to live with him after a time, and her daughter, Miss Blair, married a German noble, Count Bubna, and still owns her mother's place near Windsor.

* * *

These Awful Partings.

A terror to most British soldiers, far greater than the German curs, is the moment of parting with their womenfolk. Officers especially dread the final hug; only a brute would fail to get a lump in his throat as he unwinds his wife's arms from around his neck for the last time—perhaps for ever! So, in order to lessen the anguish of the farewells, dodges have to be resorted to. Hence the following 'phone conversation overheard in a Piccadilly club last week:—

"Are you there? Is that the S—— Hotel? Oh, good. Well, I am Major Moore, Royal Field Artillery, Woolwich. I leave for the front this week, and I want to know if you can let me have a room for lunch for myself and wife next Thursday. Just ascertain, will you? Right oh! . . . . Eh, what? No, no, no! A private room for lunch for myself and wife. . . . Not a champagne lunch; a *private* lunch in a *private* room for myself and . . . . No, no, no! I say there! Don't cut me off, Miss. . . . Damn and . . . . Yes, yes, yes! A private room for my wife . . . . Oh, heavens, fetch me an Englishman! You're the third damned foreigner I've given this order to already! Go away and get me an Englishman, or somebody who can speak English! . . . . Ah, thank God! Are you *quite* English? Good! Well, I am Major Moore, Royal Field Artillery, Woolwich. I leave for the front this week. May I have a private room for my wife and self for lunch on Thursday? . . . . No! Why, what do you mean! She *is* my wife, sir! Of *course* she's my wife. How dare you, sir? Can't have a room! Good Lord! What rot! Most unusual, sir! Never heard of such a thing! Can't have a private room for lunch! Very well. Good day." (Click.) . . . .

* * *

How English Society has Pampered the Germans.

To many plain people like myself the way in which English folk have pampered the miserable Germans in the past has been a source of chagrin for years. How often have I inwardly cursed at some of our important Society folk who would not deign to hire a band for a dance unless it was a "Blue Hungarian" or a "Viennese," and though it may have been chiefly composed of British ex-military bandsmen wearing German uniforms, the snobbery of it all has sometimes nearly choked me.

* * *

Our Patriotic Duchesses.

I am pleased to say I was never one of those fatuous Englishmen who could always see a virtue in anything German not to be discovered in its English counterpart. The Duchess of Marlborough, much as I like her, was always one of the snobs who wouldn't have a band that wasn't German or Hungarian. Herr Iff was her chosen conductor. The Duchess of Westminster wasn't any more patriotic. She always had Moritz Wurms. I hope her Grace will shed a few tears over him if she finds herself nursing him in devastated Belgium. To show how perfectly ridiculous our wealthy snobs have made themselves over the German bands, let me mention the case of "Herr von Hindenberg."

* * *

The Sad Case of Herr von Hindenberg.

Herr von Hindenberg is the name of the conductor of the clever municipal orchestra at fashionable Torquay. The band is a fine one, and its efficiency is entirely due to its conductor, who, in private life, bears the honoured

Mistress: "Be careful when you dust those pictures, Jane. They are all old masters."
Jane: "Why, mum, whoever would 'ave thought you'd been married so many times."

name of Basil Cameron. But, if you will believe it, in order that he may receive the just reward of his work, he must cloak his identity under the name of "Herr von Hindenberg." As Basil Cameron, of course, the snobs who spend their easy winters at Torquay wouldn't have gone a yard to listen to his band, but, so long as they believed him to be one of the musical geniuses from Germany they raved about him. The snobs! The miserable worms! So now "Herr von Hindenberg" has returned to his noble Scottish handle of Basil Cameron, and the weary, wealthy widows will doubtless sigh, and say, "Oh, what a relief to think dear Mr. Cameron isn't a horrid German!"

* * *

People We Should Like To Kick.

The world has been astonished to find that all England is one in the terrible crisis through which we are passing. In spite of this, the alarmist cannot be repressed entirely. There is Sir Claude Phillips, for instance. You don't know him? Of course not. He is the gentleman who writes so many reams of twaddle about Art in the *Daily Telegraph*. Daily he sees his name in large type in that distinguished journal, but, not content with all this publicity, he must needs sit him down to indite a very screech of anguish about the alleged insecurity of our public museums against the coming Zeppelins! If this fatuous tintinnabulator had taken the trouble to inquire of any British naval officer about things before endeavouring to set London by the ears he would have learnt that no Zeppelins and no German aeroplanes will ever be seen in London.

* * *

The Raving of the Arm-Chair Critic.

But, being merely a Fleet Streeter, he rushes in where wiser men would fear to tread, and bespatters our guardians of the peace with abuse because the reading room at the British Museum may be destroyed, and all our priceless works of Art bombed to smithereens. All this, of course, is mere posing on the part of Sir Claude Phillips, who apparently does not care a rap how many dear old ladies he frightens out of their wits, so long as he can reap a certain kudos in Art circles as the would-be saviour of the British Museum reading room, the National Gallery, etc., etc.

* * *

"Spreading Alarm Amongst the Civilian Population."

However, there is a certain way with people like Sir Claude Phillips. It has been already put into force against the editor of a local newspaper down in Buckinghamshire, who, with an officer of the Bucks Terriers, and one of the employees of the said editor, has been handed over to the military authorities to be tried by court-martial, their offence being (as alleged in the charge-sheet) of "spreading reports likely to cause disaffection or alarm among any of his Majesty's forces, or among the civilian population." Next time Sir Claude Phillips obtrudes his panic-mongering upon the public through the *Daily Telegraph* he should bear in mind that under martial law the public will stand no nonsense. Up till now, King George has not splashed any decorations upon the breast of this alarmist quill-driver, but some years ago the Kaiser presented him with the Order of the Crown of Prussia, and we should be glad to know whether Sir Claude has yet returned the bauble to Berlin.

One never picks up experience at the clearance sale counter.

* * *

A woman's appearance becomes her enemy from the moment it begins to "tell on her."

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether King George and the Tsar have yet decided precisely what shall be done with Silly Bill when he is a refugee from Berlin? And which Atlantic island will have the honour to shelter his Imperial Majesty so long as he lingers out his miserable career?

* * *

What the Canadians will do to the German troops who are to be sent to invade that huge country?

* * *

If it has not been definitely decided that Princess Mary shall wed none but a British prince or duke? And what price the chances of Prince Alexander of Battenberg or his tall and handsome brother, Prince Leopold?

* * *

How great is the debt Spain owes to its pretty Queen for saving any more Successional wars? And whether King Alfonso will butt in, now that the family matter is all right.

* * *

Whether pretty Pauline Chase intends to accompany her husband to the front? And whether she will be accompanied by Mrs. Maurice Brett (Miss Zena Dare)?

* * *

Whether the contracts of some of the suppliers of shoddy khaki cloth have been suddenly cancelled?

* * *

How many thousands of tenpenny socks have been purchased by the War Office at half-a-crown a pair?

* * *

Why Prince Napoleon Bonaparte is staying in England with his Belgian wife? And if he has yet met the Duke of Orleans?

* * *

If the entirely disinterested crusade of the Cocoa Press in favour of earlier closing of the "pubs" is calculated to assist the sale of that delectable commodity?

* * *

If a particularly "nasty" and unpatriotic line is likely to be taken about Home Rule shortly after the House meets?

* * *

The identity of the editor who had a bad quarter of an hour at the Press Bureau last week?

* * *

Is it true that Sir George Riddell has acquired a "controlling influence" in two great publishing businesses in Henrietta Street and Southampton Street?

* * *

If the Press Bureau made an abortive attempt to suppress detailed accounts of the riots and looting in South London, and why?

Terrifying effect on our village of the appearance of Mr. Chaynes, the surveyor, who was merely using his theodolite.

If there has lately been anything to equal the smug hypocrisy with which the *Evening News* rebuked the rioters at Deptford while still pursuing a daily policy of incitement to mob violence?

* * *

And if decent people are not getting quite sick of newspaper spy-mania?

* * *

If the prohibition of the importation of beet sugar is not a particularly cute way of striking at the roots of German trade?

* * *

If a certain well-known novelist has just entered the Roman Catholic Church as a member of a very exclusive "brotherhood"?

* * *

The identity of the Belgian banker who has been advertising in several of the London newspapers for the return of a lost mother-in-law?

* * *

How Mrs. John Astor is getting on at the "War Hospital," and if things are not already rather strained between herself and Lady Randolph Churchill?

* * *

When Andy Carnegie is going to add his little bit to the Prince of Wales's Fund?

* * *

The *real* cause of the Kaiser's fainting fits?

* * *

Is it quite fair of the Yellow Press to saddle poor Mr. Churchill with the misdeeds of the *Emden*? And would Mr. McKenna's head on a charger satisfy their spy-hunting proclivities?

* * *

Is it a fact that the official documents relating to a certain measure of compulsory service for Great Britain are already being printed?

* * *

How the member of a certain West End theatrical company liked being hauled out of bed at 3 o'clock the other morning, and if he is now safely installed in one of the concentration camps?

* * *

How much money Mr. Seymour Hicks dropped over "England Expects"?

* * *

If Mr. John Lawson's "Bloody Beast of Berlin" isn't nearly a record in play titles?

* * *

If the Germans are not already fed up with Gurkha Kukri?

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

"OH, HAVE A BANANA!"

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, lecturing at Cambridge the other day on English literature, had occasion to refer to the "Tipperary" song, and he was at pains to explain to his audience that though the song may not be literature in the real sense of the word, it is literature to Tommy Atkins in a far more real sense than is some of the so-called poetry that is provided for our soldiers by sentimental and incompetent moralists. "Tipperary," at any rate, adequately and realistically expresses the feelings of Tommy Atkins on the march, and so fulfils one of the chief requirements of all literature. That was Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's point. And he drove it home by telling a story of a clergyman who tried to improve upon the rough-and-ready words of the song that has now become famous all over the world. A couple of lines of the clergyman's "improvement" will illustrate to the reader the sort of sentimental stuff the author thought likely to appeal to the British "Tommy" and inspire him to gallant deeds on the field of battle:

"Good-bye to self-indulgence,
Good-bye, my old armchair."

* * *

On showing the new "moral" version, however, to a "Tommy," the clergyman, so Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch tells us, received what the British "Tommy" calls "a nasty smack in the eye." For the "Tommy" just handed it back with a sickly smile and the terse if unromantic criticism, "Oh, have a banana!" which, being translated, means: "Get to hell out of it!"

And I think that is also the criticism that will be levelled by the British "Tommy" at the correspondents of a daily paper who have recently been sentimentally discussing the question, "Does marriage inspire the soldier?" For these correspondents betray an ignorance of the psychology of the soldier that is not a little amusing in these days of education. They one and all appear to think that a soldier on the field of battle is swayed by the sentimental considerations, the very same sentiments, that sway him in time of peace. Nothing could be further from the truth. Let us look at the matter for a moment.

* * *

The average soldier, whether officer or private, is swayed by a sense of duty and discipline. He may be full of all sorts of sentiment towards his wife or his mother or his best girl when he is leaving home for the field of action. But once there, although, of course, all the healthy sentiment of a healthy man is present in his sub-conscious mind, warfare becomes for him a matter of business, and he does his duty just the same whether he is married or single, rich or poor, in love or not in love. When you look into the matter, it is impossible for him to do his duty in any other way. Human nature has its limits, and it is only capable of indulging in one supreme emotion at a time. And the supreme emotion on the field of battle is not love, but hate, developed and matured under a sense of duty and discipline. Directly a soldier begins to think on the battlefield, whether of his wife or anybody else's wife, whether of his girl or anybody else's girl, whether of this world or the next, apart from the direct work in front of him, he is lost. He must concentrate on the thing that is right before him. And however astounding it may appear to those who feed themselves on romantic novels of war, and think that they are thereby getting at the soul of the soldier in front of the bullets, it is the simple truth that the soldier in face of danger thinks of little else but self-preservation—not self-preservation in the sense of fear, very far from it—but self-preservation in the sense of killing the other fellow, in the sense of duty to the commonweal, and in the sense of the *esprit de corps* and discipline that have become part and parcel of his nature. The soldier in action, once he has got over the flush of excitement and semi-fear that comes to every man when first he hears the rattle of the bullets and shells is, for all practical purposes, very much of an automaton. He is a human automaton, he is a brave automaton, but he is an automaton all the same. He is no longer a man of sentiment. He is a soldier.

* * *

The soldier, to put it in a word, is neither more nor less than an average human being, and he has no time or use for sentiment in business. In times of peace, by his own fireside, he likes heroics and far-fetched romanticism in the stories and newspapers he reads, just as much as does the ordinary man. But in time of war it seems as if his whole nature is stripped bare to the realities, and he is inclined to scoff at the very same heroics and romanticism when he sees them exemplified by his friends at home. That is why he scoffs at goody-goody, exaggerated sentiment that does not really belong to the reality of any man's nature. That is why he smiles at such silly questions as, "Does marriage inspire the soldier?" Not because he despises marriage, but because he despises stupid interpretations of marriage. That is why the "Tommy" told the Y.M.C.A. clergyman who wrote the goody-goody, unreal version of "Tipperary" to have a banana. It was his way of expressing his contempt for the sort of sickly, maudlin pretence and hypocrisy that, in the character of Joseph Surface, has been so truly illustrated on our stage, but is so infinitely removed from the natural characteristics of which the British soldier, and the average Britisher too, is rightly so proud.

* * *

And there are many people going about at the present time whom the British soldier would probably greet with "Have a banana!" if he met them, just as he greeted the aforesaid sentimental clergyman. There are the old women of both sexes who are seizing the present opportunity to pester and preach at the British "Tommy" with all the impudent interference that has ever been characteristic of the goody-goody brigade. They can't save their own sickly souls, so they want to save "Tommy's." These are the people who never go to war themselves, but seem to think they know all about the way in which to look after the mortal bodies and the immortal souls of those who do their fighting for them. They are crammed full of that nauseous and unreal sentiment, as apart from genuine religion, that the British soldier so fiercely loathes. They are the old women of both sexes who have no use for the "common soldier," as they call him, in times of peace, yet want to use him in times of war for their own glorification and for the purpose of inculcating in him some of their own wretched pharisaical hypocrisy, entirely forgetting that if they succeeded in doing so there would be no such thing as the British "Tommy" at all in the sense of a soldier and a man. To these people, if I have studied "Tommy" aright, "Tommy" would also say, "Oh, have a banana!" with all the satire—and there is a lot in him—at his command.

* * *

There are, for instance, the sweetly angelic old women who would cut off "Tommy's" tot of rum when he is fighting and shivering in the bloody trenches, and when he is surely entitled, if ever in God's name a man was, to any little comfort he can get, whether that comfort can be defended on strict scientific grounds or not. I have no patience with the miserable old women who write to the papers to say that Professor This and Doctor That have carefully analysed the constituents of rum, and have come to the conclusion that it is not necessary to the fighting soldier. What, in God's name, does it matter whether it is scientifically necessary or not, though there is perhaps just as much to be said on one side of the question as the other?

Those who know anything of the feelings of a human being under the strain and horror of warfare—those who know anything of the conditions of life of a soldier who is week by week and month by month undergoing the stress of untold hardships—know also that, be the explanation what it may, the "Tommy's" rum is as welcome to him as the flowers that bloom in spring, and that it cheers him up and makes him feel good for the desperate work that is ever in front of him. The British soldier has always had his rum, and to the lemonade old women who would deny it to him while they themselves are snivelling and snuffling amid the comforts of home life, I would say, as the British "Tommy" would say, "Oh, have a banana!"

* * *

Then there are the wretched old women—again of both sexes—who, not content with interfering with Tommy Atkins on the field of battle, are busily engaged in insulting him and degrading themselves in some of the towns where he is billeted at the present moment, getting ready for the horrors that are waiting for him in France. I daresay you have read of the old women who, at a certain seaside place, have been holding a public meeting for the purpose of warning the girls of the town against the moral—or immoral—danger of flirting with the British soldier. These old women have actually gone so far as to suggest the formation of night patrols to protect the virginity of the British girl against the wickedness of the bravest men in our country at the present time. Could anything be more unjust? Could anything be more unnecessary? Could anything be more scandalous? Could anything be more lying in its insinuation? Could anything be more degrading to a gang of British women than that they should tell to Germany and the world the ghastly lie that the British soldier is not to be trusted with the girls for whom and their mothers he is training to fight, for whom and their country he is ready to die? It is a libel on the mankind of our country, and a libel that must be fastened and nailed and riveted everlastingly on the souls of the hypocrites and liars who are responsible for it, if we, as Britishers worthy of our steel, are to hold up our heads as what, in the mass, we are—the proudest patriots of all the patriots who are fighting to-day, and willing worshippers at the shrine of the gallant "Tommies" who are offering their all—their grand young lives—for the Empire they so dearly love.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

The man who has too much to say, always succeeds in saying it.

* * *

"The Kaiser comes to a halt," runs the heading of a newspaper column. Ere long he will probably come to a halter.

* * *

When a man admits that he has made a fool of himself, he can't understand why the rest of the world doesn't share his astonishment.

* * *

A lady who had the misfortune to be compelled to travel from London to Glasgow in the company of half-a-dozen very talkative bluejackets is anxious to know what we mean by the "Naval Reserve."

* * *

A meeting has just been held in the Upper House of the Prussian Diet to discuss the subject of German fashion in hats. It is understood that after the war the German head is expected to be several sizes smaller.

* * *

"None of the German helmets brought home as trophies of the war have yet been found big enough to fit any average British head."—*Tit-Bits.* This rather surprises us, as we had been under the impression that the Teuton sausage-eater was suffering from a conspicuously swollen cranium.

TABLOID TOPICS.

The shoddy uniform contractors must be put through the mill.

* * *

Will the teetotal Tsar's next move be war on the Turkish Porte?

* * *

Opera is badly hit by the war, so the Government is issuing some more notes.

* * *

Although the Kaiser has not yet captured Dover, his army is said to be in straits.

* * *

The news from the East is very optimistic just now. All the Russians appear to have joined the Band of Hope.

* * *

When the Kaiser follows the Tsar's lead on the drink question, we may expect the sober truth from Berlin.

* * *

Although the King and Queen have presented a large supply of matches for the use of the troops serving at the front, our Tommies will remain matchless.

* * *

The latest wail of the all-is-lost brigade is that now the importation of sugar is forbidden it will be absolutely impossible for us to get the Germans' beet.

* * *

The British Tommy refers to the trenches as his hotels. Because, like the London variety, most of them have been evacuated by the Germans, we suppose.

* * *

It is somewhat significant that, coincident with the statement that several suburban "parliaments" will not re-open this winter, comes the rise in the price of gas.

* * *

The L Battery of the R.H.A. silenced four batteries of German artillery in a memorable engagement. The German gunners during the fight were heard to aspirate the L most vehemently.

* * *

A German officer at Cette has become insane, his particular delusion being that he is always talking to the Kaiser. Anyone who could think of ever doing such a thing again, *must* be mad.

* * *

We learn from a sporting daily that the Russian Red Cross Society has received half the proceeds of the recent Pavlova Matinée, the other half going to the Russian Red Cross Society. Pulling off a double event.

* * *

According to the London Typographical Journal, the *Daily Herald*, pending its resuscitation after the war, is succeeded by a halfpenny weekly of the same name. This gives the knock to the evening papers which are read at breakfast time.

* * *

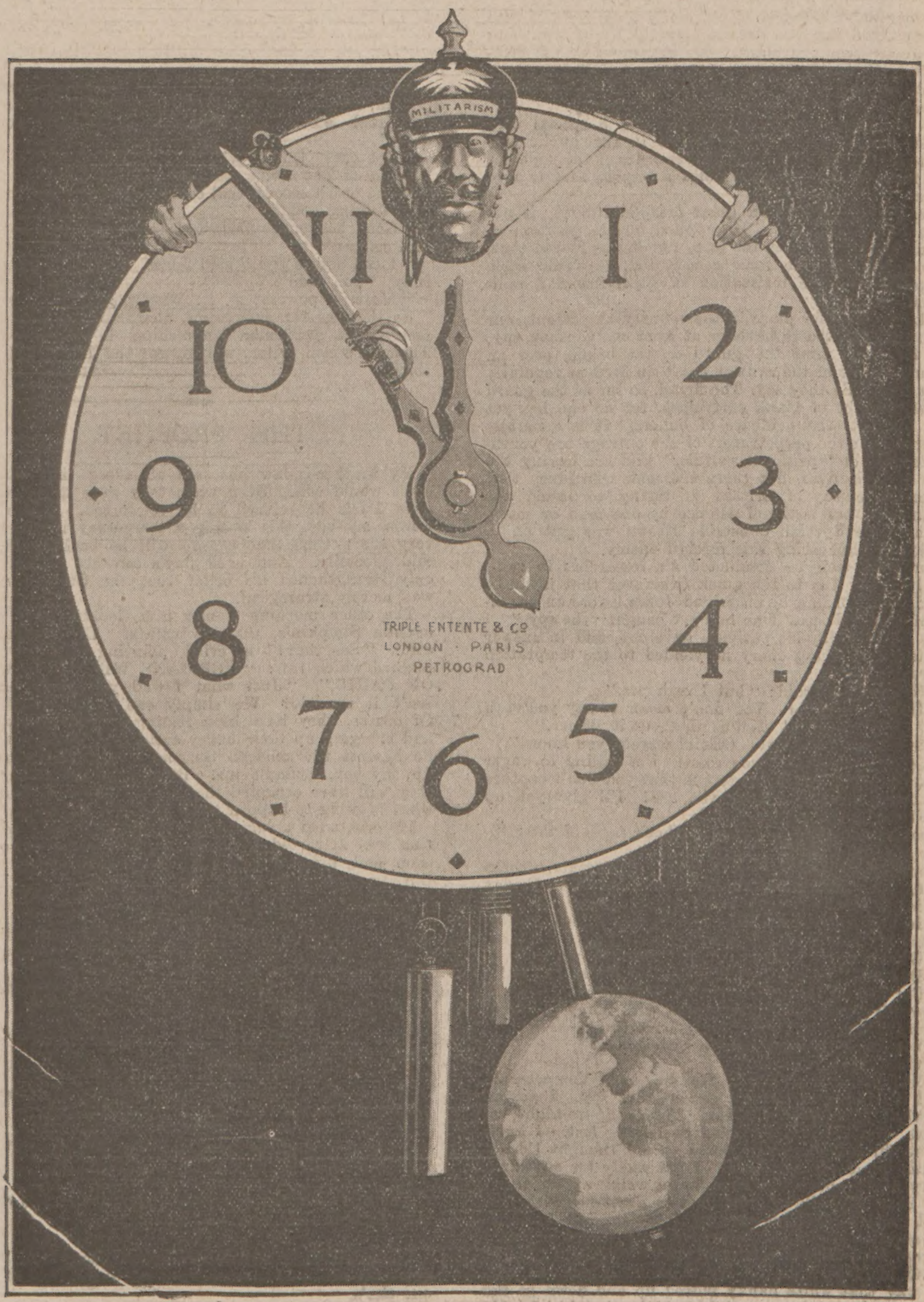
Under the heading "A Tax on Armaments," the *Evening News* says: "The Tasmanian Government's financial proposals in connection with the war include an amusement tax." It is all very well to provide an army and navy for fun if you live in Tasmania, but Europe finds it a more serious business.

* * *

Extract from a letter found on a German prisoner:—

> "We do hope that you will soon enter Paris, and that you will bring back lots of gold watches. We owe the taxes, and have not a coin towards them."

The "Watches for the Rhino."



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

In our suburb (which isn't really a suburb, if you please) there are two bosom friends, Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones, who are both highly respected by the community, the reason being, I suppose, that they are possessed, on the whole, of more money than any other individuals of the aforementioned community.

Of late, owing to his having become a special constable, Mr. Brown has been more in the public eye, and to him is accorded by the lower order of the populace that reverent awe which denotes a respect that is akin to fear.

Mr. Jones, to his own great disappointment, is not yet a limb of the law. He applied for the position in our suburb just a little too late, and it was feared that, were a larger police force constituted, it would seem too much like the institution of super-Prussian militarism.

Like every other place in the country at present, our suburb is reported to harbour at least one German spy, and for some time the guard on the bridge over an important line of the railway has been fired at regularly every night. So they say. The firing, so far as the guard knows, may be of blank cartridges, for no one has yet seen (or felt) the evidence of bullets. It is generally believed that the perpetrators of the outrage are youthful readers of "penny dreadfuls," who are having the time of their lives, but there are some who fancy that a foreign enemy of Britain is trying to lessen the resources of our national defence by one man or more.

Wherefore Special Constable Brown was put on to the job of discovering this foreign enemy.

For some time he conducted his researches in vain, and it galled him to the quick (wherever that is) to be asked each morning by his friend Jones before an assembly of acquaintances if he had yet caught "the spy."

At last one day his patience gave out, and in answer to the usual joking query he yielded to the temptation of bragging.

"Not yet," he said; "but I've hopes."

"Hopes of what? You don't mean to say you've a clue? How exciting! Tell us all about it, officer."

"Er—I can't, my boy. Official secrets, you know."

"Official rot! I tell you what. I'm willing to wager you a couple of sovereigns to one that you don't capture him inside a week. There you are! I'll give you up till Friday evening."

Looking round at the unsympathetic faces of the company, Brown accepted.

News was scarce during the week, no further attacks having been made on the railway guard, and on Friday Special Constable Brown called round to see me. He was in high spirits, his hair was slightly ruffled, and he washed his hands briskly with invisible soap.

"What's up?" I asked. "You seem happy."

"So I am," he said. "What a joke. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm feeling rather miserable. Tell me it."

Brown's words were interrupted with many bursts of hilarity which were exceedingly irritating.

"You know that bet I made with Jones?"

"Yes. Have you won?"

"No; better than that. Ha, ha, ha! You see—oh, lord! it's funny—I haven't caught that spy. I was an ass when I accepted the bet. Time's up to-night, of course, and I felt a bit riled at having lost. I knew I'd be chivied no end by Jones. So I thought I'd get a little bit of my own back. I felt ready for anything. Every night about this time Jones walks up Smither's field near the railway sometimes to greet me with personal remarks—so this evening I lay in wait for him. It was pitch dark, and before he knew where he was I collared him, twisted him over, and tied a handkerchief round his face. He did try to shout, I can tell you. The way that white hanky moved up and down in the region of his mouth was a sight! 'It's all right,' I said; 'come quietly. I've got you at last. Come along with me until I fetch the police.' I admit that for a moment I forgot *I* was the police. However, I lugged him along, and put him—where do you think?" His voice rose to a shrill squeak. "In Thomson's coal cellar! Ha, ha, ha! Locked him in. Oh, Jerusalem!"

I couldn't help laughing myself. "It's a bit rough on Jones, all the same," I said. "Besides, he was coming round to finish a game of chess with me to-night. You've spoiled that. By George, though, he *will* be wild when he comes out!"

"Oh, I'll let the beggar out shortly. It's just so that he won't crow too much."

At this juncture the door open—and Jones entered.

"Oh, ho, Brown," said he. "So you've lost your bet"

"Great Scott!" said Brown. "How did you get out?"

"Get out? Out of what?"

"Out of Thomson's coal cellar?"

"Out of Thomson's coal cellar! What on earth is the man talking about?"

"Good heavens! Didn't I shove you in Thomson's coal cellar?"

"I can assure you," said Jones, looking at me doubtfully, "you didn't."

"Merciful powers! . . . . Who was it?"

So that, as far as I know, there still may be a perfectly nice gentleman languishing in the depths of Thomson's coal cellar, waiting for the dawn that never comes.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

THE PROPHET.

My brother-in-law has said all along that the Germans would win. Even when they were in full retreat from Paris he refused to be comforted. "Mark my words, my boy, this is only a temporary respite; in a very short time the beggars will be back again," he said gloomily. And each day's advance of the Allies only strengthened his belief that the German retreat was merely strategical.

The other morning I met him, looking very grave, outside Simpkin's, the newsagents. He gripped my arm. "See that!" he cried, pointing to a newspaper placard which ran: "GERMANS WITHIN 20 MILES OF PARIS." "Just what I told you would happen. Isn't it terrible? We simply can't stop the fellows. Of course, they have been resting for this great effort and bringing up their heavy artillery. What can Paris do against the modern German siege gun? Crumple up, my boy, crumple up! Before the end of the year they will have occupied the whole of France, and then what is going to happen to us?"

He continued croaking in this strain until his attention was attracted by Simpkin, who came out of his shop and proceeded to stick an advertisement about Christmas cards over the fateful placard.

"What is he covering the wretched thing over for?" pettishly inquired the pessimist.

When I called his attention to the fact that it bore a date several weeks old, he seemed so disappointed that I flatly accused him of being a German spy.

FRANK MERCHANT.

If you're in a pickle you won't improve matters by getting into a stew.

* * *

A fool tells a woman she has pretty teeth; a wise man makes her laugh.

* * *

Bachelors may lead blissful lives, but you can't make a spinster believe it.

* * *

There is certainly enough money spent on the road to ruin to keep it in excellent repair.

* * *

We ought to be satisfied if we hold our own, but we generally are not, because we want to get hold of someone else's.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The original drawings of illustrations which have appeared in "Modern Life" are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

MORE OR LESS

The Matrimonial Plant.

I have just read somewhere that the flower of the manhood of Great Britain is unmarried. Surely this is a libel upon womanhood. And if it isn't, what have the married ones of us been up to that they have succeeded in capturing only the leaves and stalks of the matrimonial plant? How comes it that the bloom is still on the bachelor bud, and that the dew of liberty still besprinkles it liberally? There must be something rotten somewhere in the state of matrimony. Of course, I admit it's difficult to discover from the outward appearance of a man whether he is a flower or merely an offshoot of masculinity. Appearances are notoriously deceitful. Still, something will have to be done. We can't have people going about saying that we have only succeeded in marrying the weeds of the marital profession. Those of us, by the way, who succeed in losing them had better henceforth call themselves weeds' widows when they don their widows' weeds. For myself, I intend to be very, very careful when I pluck my matrimonial flower. No deadly nightshade or foxglove for me. Not that I'm keen on a white rose. I wouldn't object to something in the way of a variegated phlox, only it must be a sure winner when exhibited at any matrimonial show.

* * *

Lights Out.

From what I can see of it, we shall soon be reduced to going to bed at nighttime again. The midnight hour can no longer be regarded as just an extra kind of day, with frivolity illuminations full on. Well, our complexions will be saved, even if the restaurants are ruined. Of course, there is no reason why we shouldn't do what the Scotsman does with his whisky on Sunday—take it home, and have our night in instead of out. But we are a conservative race, and having long since decided that an Englishman's home is the last place in which we ought to find him if he has the money to be anywhere else, I am afraid that the majority of him—or her—will go to bed in gloom as the clocks strike ten. As a last resource, we might book beds at the Carlton or the Ritz, so as to be saved the ignominy of sleeping in our own beds.

* * *

Starlings and Satin.

A barrister friend of my acquaintance told me the other day that the noise the starlings made in the elm trees as he passed through Pump Court had more than ever put him off matrimony. "Just like a lot of women chattering," he remarked rudely. "They never stop either, and Saturday they seem worse than usual. They seem to know it's pay-day. Trust a woman," he added grimly, "for knowing when there's money about." But what I want to know is—how does he know? Bachelors haven't got wives. At least, if they have, they are only entitled to separation allowances, and I don't think anybody knows exactly what that means, beyond the fact that it means something nobody gets. Talking about Pump Court reminds me that I saw therein on the opening day of the Courts, a nice black satin judge, all ruffles and wig and buckled shoes, chatting away to one of his minions, with the Ten Commandments tucked under his arm—at least I suppose they were the Ten Commandments. They were tied up with red tape anyway—for all the world as if he were just you or me. With this difference—that if you or I went out into the streets in the daytime in fancy dress, people would think we were either mad or advertising somebody's cocoa.

* * *

Gold and Leaves.

I never saw so much gold in my life as I did the other day. Bushels of it—think of it—heaped up everywhere, and yet still scattering the roadway. True, my gold was only leaves, but it was gloriously beautiful, and if it hadn't the spending value of even one solitary sovereign, made up in quantity what it lacked in quality. I felt quite royal as my feet trod its orange crispness, and the wind flung liberal handfuls of it before me in quite the most approved bridesmaid style. The careful dweller in the house was annoyed. "It makes the place look so untidy," she grumbled. Fancy anybody grumbling because the trees dropped gold upon the earth. There was no need to, either, for by next morning the leaves had gone, spirited away somewhere, no doubt by order of the L.C.C. I felt quite bankrupt as I looked, symbolically, of course, although when I carefully explained this to the person standing next to me, he gloomily remarked he felt like that, too, only his wasn't symbolic, but solid fact.

* * *

The Germans Again.

No more coloured frocks for us, it seems. For Germany makes those aniline dyes that up to now have caused the wilderness of our gowns to blossom as the rose, and so, soon, according to a fashion expert, the five hundred tints known to the world of dress will be reduced to thirty, and even these will be of a sombre hue. Think of it! *We shall have to flirt in sober plum instead of frivolous pink, elope in trustful grey instead of hopeful green, marry in matronly black instead of maiden white. Let us hope, at least, that purple will be included among the colour schemes that remain to us, for what life would be without its purple patches only those old maids that dwell in the remote villages into which the novels of Victoria Cross have never penetrated, know. Never mind, we can be birds of Paradise just the same, without the plumage, can't we?

* * *

N.B.—The asterisk means—always supposing there is anybody left at home with whom to do the various things I have indicated.

Louise Heilgers.

Yachting Note: A trim-built cutter.

BY THE WAY.

Lord Curzon has been shaping so well on so many public platforms since the war started, that one wonders what position he will think it worth while to accept in a future Unionist administration. There is a delicious, if mischievous, little yarn of King Edward and "George Nathaniel Curzon," which must appeal to all who know anything of the ex-Viceroy's "superiority." In taking leave of the Duke of Connaught, when the latter was leaving for Delhi, to represent the King-Emperor at Lord Curzon's famous Durbar, King Edward is reported to have said "Well, goodbye, Arthur. Don't let Curzon crown himself George the Fifth!"

* * *

A novel-writing friend was holding forth to me about the mutability of human (and publishing!) affairs. "Isn't it odd," quoth he, "that something tragical may be said to have happened to all three of the clever men who may be said to have originated cheap, but good class, literary stuff in London? Thus, the late Sir George Newnes was a spent force long before his death, Lord Northcliffe has for a very long while been a wreck of nerves, and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's eye-trouble, amounting now to almost total blindness, has afflicted him for some years." When, by the way, is that well-deserved title coming along for Mr. Pearson?

* * *

Surprising how we *do* get about! I notice that nearly every journal in London, daily and weekly, within the last few days repeated our rather feeble little jape about the Hemmed-in Emden. We apologise for its perpetration in the first place—but, at any rate, we were a fortnight ahead of anybody else.

* * *

There are, I am informed, some 16,000 British troops quartered in and around Eastbourne at the present moment, composed of Kitchener's brave lads and Territorials. The former by now will have received their khaki uniforms in place of the blue serge "slop" uniforms and "convict" caps they were temporarily wearing last week. With regard to these men and their Territorial comrades, one would think that, for their special benefit, the Eastbourne Town Council would be patriotic enough to rescind their absurd decree as to the closing of the picturedromes and other places of recreation on Sunday evenings. On the Sunday evening of my visit to Eastbourne, the weather was appalling, a heavy blinding rain and a fierce wind making walking a misery. As a result, a glance through the open doors of various public-houses in the town proved them all to be crowded with soldiers and other people of both sexes, while a visit to the underground shelter on the front—which, owing to the war, was in semi-darkness—showed the various alcoves to be filled with young lads and girls, most of them "completely wrapped up in one another." Still, as the Eastbourne Town Council encourages this sort of thing by prohibiting harmless amusement, the young people can no more be blamed for so whiling away a wet Sunday evening than can the soldiers for filling the public-houses. I should not be surprised to hear that several brewers were on the Eastbourne Town Council.

* * *

Is not the amount of war literature on the market ever so slightly overdone? Every possible and impossible phase of the subject is being tapped, from the not too savoury impressions of German spies and renegades to the (alleged) "confessions" of fair ladies said to be steeped in intimate knowledge of Royal and Imperial Court circles. In a large majority of cases, one regrets to note, both the art and the literature displayed are by no means of the highest order. One shudders to think what our Christmas literary fare may be like this year.

* * *

A day or two ago I had an interesting chat with Miss Norah Mahone, an Irish girl who, thanks to American consular aid, has just succeeded in reaching England via Holland, after suffering frightful experiences in Dresden, the capital of Saxony, where she was staying with friends when war broke out. Despite the assurances of her friends, she was thrice arrested as a "Russian" spy. On the last occasion, the police entered her bedroom, compelled her to dress quickly before them and then dragged her through the streets, followed by a shrieking hooligan mob, to prison. There she was forced to sign away to the Government some property she possessed in Dresden. Miss Mahone tells me that though the bureaucratic classes in Dresden affect a cocksure spirit, considerable pessimism exists among the population owing to the lack of definite news from the front, while almost every other woman one sees in the streets is in mourning. During her enforced stay in the Saxon capital, such an apprehensive feeling prevailed that over thirty German officers were arrested at different times as spies. One of these, a reserve officer of her acquaintance,

Officer: "Where the devil are you going?"
Very Young Recruit: "Please, sir, they've sent me to whitewash the last post!"

who had fought in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, was actually attacked in the street by a mob and seriously maltreated.

* * *

I was talking to a friend in Ludgate Circus the other day when a man passed who is well-known in Fleet Street for his lurid reporting of criminal cases, especially of murder trials, in which he specialises. On remarking to my companion, who happened to be the editor of the paper on which the picturesque writer is employed, that I supposed at present there was not much scope for his talents, I was vastly amused when he replied: "Why, bless your heart, he is having the time of his life just now—we've put him on editing soldiers' letters from the front."

* * *

A journalistic acquaintance of mine is bursting with military ardour for which, owing to his Chestertonian girth, he is unable to find a practical outlet. When paying him a visit recently, I was surprised to see, hanging from his garden gate, a recruiting placard bearing the words: "Rally Round The Flag! EVERY FAT MAN WANTED!" When I called his attention to it he was furious, and the terrible forms of vengeance he vowed on the small boy who lives next door, and whom he shrewdly suspected of altering the word "FIT" to "FAT," would have made even an Uhlan turn green with envy.

* * *

I haven't much use for those teetotal fanatics who are seizing upon the present national emergency to ram down the throats of the public measures of prohibition which would arouse indignation and revolt in normal times—or at any rate are trying to persuade the military authorities to do so. I don't want to sermonize, but merely to express the conviction that if the restriction of licensed victuallers' hours of business is intended only to prevent drinking among soldiers and soldiers' wives, then the curtailment has been made at the wrong end of the stick, and far more good would be done if the public-houses were not allowed to open until noon. Take a concrete instance. A large public-house near Victoria Station is doing a roaring trade about nine o'clock every morning with soldiers and their friends. It is the early morning drink which does the mischief, as the drinking is continued during the day with dire results. It is the "pub" with the all-day business which provides recruits for the ranks of the drunken, and not that the bulk of whose trade is done after eight o'clock at night.

* * *

Despite their amazingly clever organisation here, and despite the large sums they were accustomed annually to expend in England, the German spy bureau have probed very few of the secrets of our Navy. It is known, for instance, that the German warships are armed with guns of a considerably smaller calibre than those which are carried on our floating forts. This is not because Krupp cannot make such big guns as Woolwich Arsenal, but because they have never been able to discover what kind of platform on board ship we employ to minimise the tremendous recoil from the 14-inch monsters.

* * *

I asked some wounded Tommies at a London hospital the other day what it felt like to be hit by a modern bullet or shrapnel splinter. They all agreed that the actual hit was nothing very terrible. "It is just as if a tennis-ball hit you rather hard," said one. "It is so slight a sensation, indeed, that in the excitement of battle you soon forget all about it. Then you discover with a shudder that your sleeve is soaked with blood." It is this which makes you feel ill rather than the seriousness of the wound. THE LOITERER.

"You won't object if I go on with this embroidery while we talk, will you, Mr. Boreham? I always think that one should keep one's mind occupied."

SPORTING NOTES.

Owing to the abandonment of one or two meetings fixed for next week, the racing is limited to two days' flat racing only, viz., Friday and Saturday, but there are jumping meetings at Lingfield on Monday, and Uttoxeter Monday and Tuesday.

At Alexandra Park to-day (Saturday, 31st) there will undoubtedly be the usual large crowd, and also good fields. The Highgate Mid-Weight Handicap will be the chief attraction. Happy Fanny won here at the last meeting, beating Scotch Duke and a useful field of sprinters in a very easy manner, and looks like being well fancied again. Minehead, now that the rain has come, is likely to win a race, and is not badly handicapped. Queen of the Brush ran badly in the Temple Handicap at Sandown Park, but previously had shown good form. One that takes my eye is Better Still, who is very speedy, and if sent from Doncaster to run will be very likely to win, although possessing a rather bad temper. Irish Castle will be a very fancied article, as will Prospero, who was heavily backed to win the Charlwood Handicap at Gatwick, and was only beaten two heads in a big field. Another, that also was only a head behind the last-named in the same race, is Winnaretta, who meets him on two pounds worse terms now. Primrose has shown no form this season to warrant her winning, and appears to have lost her form of last year. The Waif, if kept for this, will be very dangerous; but I shall take HAPPY FANNY to represent me.

The Autumn Welter should provide an interesting race, and of the top weights Romeo should turn out best. Charmeuse will be very dangerous; R. Dawson likes to win at this venue, and this filly is quite expected to secure a race before the curtain drops. Swan Song was scratched out of his Newmarket engagement, and may be meant to run here, in which case he is very likely to win. Maid of Sker has a great chance, and so has Paulhan; but I advise MADAME LOUISE being supported, each way.

The Woodland Nursery is a very open race, as I should hardly think Lamplugh would be pulled out; still, De Mestre has Berrilthorp engaged, and he or GRACE CUP should appropriate this event.

The Broomfield Plate should fall to MILLPOND.

At Windsor, on Friday, I fancy for the Berkshire Handicap DRAUGHTSMAN, and for the Guy Fawkes Handicap on Saturday RIGH MOR. BLACKSTONE.

A man who spends money like water rarely liquidates his debts.

* * *

Honesty may be the best policy, yet some people manage to get on very well without it.

Your Future Depends on YOURSELF

IF the noble efforts and splendid courage of our Army and Navy are to be of the greatest use to our Country, it is essential that those of us who are unable to take our places in the fighting line should keep the wheels of industry and commerce revolving.

YOU must do YOUR part. The first point is: see to it that your job is secure. That each man should, as far as possible, keep his job is of great importance to our country.

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IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

IN STAGELAND.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" is just as "cheery" as it proved in the old days of the Matabele campaign, and, in the vocal technique of "the" profession, it is a drama that "wears well." It is going very strong at the Prince's Theatre, and it deserves to. The scene of "Wilson's last stand" is almost as effectively staged as it was at Old Drury, and is really very thrilling. An excellent unrehearsed effect was realised on the opening night by announcing from the stage the sinking of four German destroyers in the North Sea.

* * *

"By Jingo If We Do!" appears to have hit the bull's-eye at the Empire, where this latest thing in revues is being interpreted by a regular "all the talents" cast. These artists include the highly-salaried and inimitable Mabel Russell, that old favourite, Amy Augarde, Spencer Trevor, Kathleen Clifford, *and*—Mdlle. Regine Flory. It is a gorgeous spectacle, and though I fear the book and lyrics won't bear much quotation, some of Herman Finck's music is bright, catchy, and fully up to the "standard of Empire."

* * *

So Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie are by way of reviving the ever-delightful "Milestones." With that happy consummation, the good old all-British name Knoblauch won't have been absent from a Royalty programme since 1912, save for a few weeks of this year. Anyhow, we shall see Dennis Eadie again in his unforgettable impersonation, and shall also see what the Royalty's new leading lady makes of the part created by Gladys Cooper.

* * *

Released by the finish of "The Silver King" revival, H. B. Irving is reviving "Waterloo," of which his father gave such a memorable rendering. H. B., with his ripened comedy powers, should be a great draw in Conan Doyle's little masterpiece, which he is producing in the first instance at Manchester.

* * *

"The Glad Eye" has been put up at the Strand. It contains three notable members of the original cast, in Marsh Allen, E. Dagnall, and Auriol Lee. Not less noteworthy newcomers are pretty Dorothy Minto and Ronald Squire, the former in the rôle of the saucy and bewitching Kiki. The piece generally has lost little of its old power of mirth-making, and the seats provided free for refugees are properly popular.

* * *

I learn from Sir Herbert Tree that his imminent revival of "Henry IV. (Part I.)" is to be done "regardless." Thus, it will be a startling transition for Matheson Lang from the saturnine humours of "Mr. Wu" to the dashing Hotspur. Others supporting Sir Herbert's Fat Knight are to include Basil Gill, Owen Nares, and Viola Tree—her first histrionic appearance, if I mistake not, since her marriage.

* * *

I journeyed to Kennington to see F. R. Benson and company in "Richard the Third" for two main reasons—because Miss Genevieve Ward emerged from her retirement in order to appear in it, and because this great tragedy has interested me strongly since the lamentable accident to Henry Irving that nipped in the bud his magnificent revival. Sir Henry was by far the finest Richard of modern times. But, just think of it—£6,000 worth of advance booking in the Lyceum box-office when the accident cut short the run, every penny of which had to be returned, because Irving was "the show."

* * *

At Kennington, Miss Ward, in the rôle of Margaret of Anjou, had a right royal reception, and the venerable lady was "called" again and again, as, hand in hand with Mr. Benson, she stood up to receive the bouquets handed across the footlights. She gave the famous "curse" scene with rare fire and perfect elocution, ending on a note of half-frenzied laughter that was peculiarly telling. Mr. Benson's Crook-backed Tyrant has its effective moments, though it never gets the needed "thrill."

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PROPERLY APPARELED.

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit. "But can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't know that it is important," replied the story-teller. "But if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."

* * *

SILVER SERVICE.

"Hey!" shouted the rich man, peering cautiously over the stairway, "I want you."

"Well," chuckled the burglar, reaching for the silver, "I'm at your service, sir."

* * *

"She carries her jewels with her wherever she goes."

"She can't help sticking to them—they're paste!"

* * *

One of the New York papers announces that it will be used in a public school as a text-book. The reason for doing this might be explained on the ground that what is lost in making the student learn so many things which are not so, will be offset by the discipline gained in trying to discover the needle of truth in the haystack of headlines.—*Life* (New York).

* * *

TOO WISE FOR THAT.

Evangelist: Young man, you are on the road to Hell.

Young Man: Maybe I am, sir, but I'm not going so fast that I can't enjoy the scenery. —*Puck.*

* * *

THE RISING GENERATION.

Cheeky Small Boy (to stout old lady, who is hauling herself into the tram with difficulty): "If they'd given yer more yeast, Missus, when yer was young you'd a-bin able to rise better."

Stout Old Lady: "An' if they'd a-given you more yeast, my boy, you'd a-been better bred."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE COMPLIMENT.

Jessie: "Please, Auntie, the new lady next door sends her compliments, and will you play very low, because her husband is extremely musical."

—Sydney Bulletin.

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